Ham. And doe ſtill by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you doe ſurely barre the doore upon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelfe for your ſucceſſion in *Denmarke*?

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I ſir, but while the graſſe growes; the proverbe is ſomething muſty: oh the Recorders, let me ſee one, to withdraw with you; why doe you goe about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

Gu. O my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanerly

Ha. I do not well underſtand that: will you play upon this pipe?

Guyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeve me I cannot.

Ham. I beſeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as eaſie as lying; govern theſe ventages with your fingers and the thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick: look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guyl. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would ſeeme to know my ſtops, you would plucke out the heart of my myſterie, you would ſound mee from my loweſt note to my compaſſe, and there is much muſicke, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeake, s'bloud do you think I am eaſier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bleſſe you ſir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ha. Do you ſee yonder cloud that's almoſt in ſhape of a camel?

Pol. By'th maſſe and 'tis like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is blacke like a Wezell.

Ham.

Ham. Or like a Whale

Pol. Very like a Whale

Ham. Then I will com

They foole me to the top

Leave me friends.

I will, ſay ſo. By and by is

'Tis now the very witchin

When Church-yards yaw

Contagion to the world:

And doe ſuch bitter buſin

Would quake to looke o

O heart loſe not thy natu

The ſoule of *Nero* enter t

Let me be cruell, not unn

I will ſpeake daggers to h

My tongue and ſoule in t

How in my words ſoever

To give them ſeales neve

Enter King, Ro

King. I like him not, n

To let his madneſſe rang

I your Commiſſion will f

And he to *England* ſhall

The tearmes of our eſtat

Hazzard ſo neare us as d

Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our ſe

Moſt holy and religious

To keepe thoſe many m

That live and feed upon

Roſ. The ſingle and p

With all the ſtrength a

To keepe it ſelfe from no

That ſpirit, upon whoſe

The lives of many: the

Dyes not alone, but lik

What's neare it with it

Fixt on the ſomnet of th

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